

# THE LOWELL OFFERING

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## THE YOUNG WIFE.

"My dear," said a young husband to his wife, "you will keep the hat that Miss Pensbram sent for your inspection this morning? I think it very becoming."

"But what do I want of it?" replied the wife; "I seldom go out, except to my morning rides, and I have had two new bonnets already, for this season. You surely," she added, with a faint smile, "do not wish me to become a milliner's walking advertisement?"

"I am happy," rejoined the husband, "to have you adopt any new mode or fashion that reminds me of the sweet face I was wont to know; and I think this hat makes you look more like yourself than any one I have seen."

"Why, Charles!" interrupted the lady, "you will make me think that you regret the loss of my beauty, even more than the loss of my health."

The husband did not reply; but, taking up his hat, turned to leave the room. "You will keep the bonnet, will you not?" he asked, as he closed the door without waiting for a reply.

The wife rose from the couch, on which she was reclining, and walked to a mirror, where she stood in abstracted thoughtfulness, scanning her own pallid features.

We need not inquire the cause of the lady's ill health. With our American females, and their *in-door* lives, there are causes enough to banish the bloom from their cheeks. The great care, both of themselves and their friends, seems to be, that the free air of heaven "visit not their cheeks too roughly."

This error has awakened the attention of the philosopher and philanthropist; and now we are wont to see our young ladies seeking air and exercise in morning walks, and our delicate married ladies endeavoring to obtain the same benefit in morning rides in covered and *air-tight* carriages. The east wind blows, or the air is damp, and both are pronounced alike injurious. It may be that it is so—we will not dispute the medical faculty—but are not those who dare the ills of both the most healthy?

"But those who can do so, are not so delicate," interrupts the carefully-cared-for.

True; but they might have been, had as much pains been taken to spoil their health, and impair their constitutions.

And then, the "walks" of our young ladies. With mincing, slow, and genteel gait—perchance watched by the careful eyes of a governess, that they do nothing that may commute their genteel breeding. An elastic bound of health and joy, would be a vulgarity not to be pardoned. Not a step is taken that could displace a single fold of their attire; and a snail might blush to find himself so rivalled. They might take air, did not their thick veils prevent it from touching their faces. But to call their pace "*exercise*"—it may be the exercise of the prim rules of gentility, but it hath nothing to do with that labor which invigorates the system. Verily, it seemeth to me, that my countrywomen are the victims, and sacrifices, offered upon the altar of false gentility.

Isabella Ransom, the young wife of Charles Britton, was a victim to some of these manifold causes of ill health. With her, it had not, as yet, assumed the "hectic flush," which embellishes while it destroys; but the bloom of her cheek had withered, and the purity of her complexion had been destroyed in the first stages.

Before she became an invalid, when health and life coursed through her veins merrily, to the accompaniment of her own joyous feelings, she had become the betrothed of her husband. His love had not been won entirely by her beauty; but it is certain that without it she never would have engaged the passing fancy of Charles Britton, which afterwards ripened into loyal love, and devoted admiration. And the lady's remark, that he "regretted the loss of her beauty, more than that of her health," had more of truth than he would have acknowledged, even to his own heart.

Charles Britton was generous, warm-hearted, and honorable; and when he saw the beauty of his heart's idol fading before the confirmed power of ill health, not a thought entered his mind of breaking the engagements which bound him to her. But still, there was a twinge of regret, when he stood with his bride beside him, pale and sallow as a "wied crone" of the chimney's smoke. In his choice, he had not been actuated merely by the desire to possess a pretty doll, for his own amusement, and the envy and admiration of the public. He valued the truth and purity of Isabella's character; he loved her confiding trustfulness; and, more than all, he appreciated the devoted affection which she bore towards him.

He was not insensible of the value of the gem of moral and mental worth of his wife's character; but he asked also, that the casket might be as brilliant as the jewel it contained.

It were impossible fully to analyze his feelings. He would have shrank from it himself. They were not positively wrong; and the line of demarcation was perhaps, as far from strict right and justice. The trust, love, and confidence of married life, are matters of too sacred delicacy to be smelted in the crucible of philosophical analyzation. Thoughts that have no shape—desires that cannot be clothed in words, may enter the imagination, and, like a breath upon the mirror's surface, tarnish the clearness of wedded happiness; and yet, no wrong intended—no sentiment of injustice have an *abiding* place in the heart.

The young wife stood long before that mirror, and with bitter pain scanned each lineament of her faded form and features. At first, she did not weep. Her feelings were too painful, too much of dark despair and misery, to allow of the relief of tears. To feel the warm current of her blood curdle at her heart's core—to feel the agonizing conviction that her own beloved husband's affections depended upon the color of her cheek, and the contour of her form, it was not anger, not accusations of injustice, that rose in her breast, but deep, deep, bitter grief.



She felt that the tie which had bound him to her was not love, but duty, or what the world calls honor; that the profusion, which had been bestowed upon her, had not been the offerings of affection, but decorations to make the unsightly endurable.

"I should have thought this," murmured she, as she turned from the glass; "I knew his ardent admiration of the bright and beautiful; I knew that in every thing he worshipped it. Fatal, fatal mistake, that I have made." And she flung herself again on the couch, in a paroxysm of tears. This burst of passion relieved her; and then she more calmly reviewed the matter. She might have mistaken her husband's import; his manner was not unkind, but—but— And it is ever upon that "*but*" and "*if*" that hangs the misery of doubt and suspicion. And, perchance, although there was something of truth in her suspicions, with *her* the whole matter rested upon the simple fact, that her husband had not expressed in sufficiently ambiguous terms his wishes, for the *nerves* of a delicate invalid.

I know not why, but husbands, after they have been married a year, and sometimes, half of that time, forget that during the process of winning, one half of their language has been hyperbole; and that it will take time to use their beloved ones to plain, unsophisticated truth. To this simple fact, one half of the domestic discords and disunions owe their origin. I will not here enter into a discussion of the merit of winning and wooing with sober, dispassionate truth. I suspect that love would be divested of more of its fascinations and charms than would be wise to dispense with, were all deceptions banished from both parties, and an unvarnished tale of common-sense substituted in their place. The theories of some modern philosophers upon this subject, will not, I think, meet with much sympathy in practice, especially from my readers, however all may admit their truth in the abstract. There is too much enjoyment in this mutual deception, even if it brings unhappiness in its train, to be lightly, or easily abandoned. Mankind may change their religion, or their political institutions, but the old-fashioned way of wooing has stood a long test of its practical utility, and will not be easily supplanted by modern inventions.

Bless me! to think of seeking and selecting a wife with the same cool, dispassionate scrutiny that you would buy a horse! First examine the soundness, the fitness, and ascertain whether the lady has been well trained and broken to the bit and rein; and then see whether a fair mutual bargain of concessions can be made. Why, the very preliminaries would frighten the little blind god from the affair, even if the ladies would consent to the innovation of being treated as less than angels before marriage. And, by the way, we remember of a philosopher who has said, that "one fact is better than a dozen theories"—and we have in our mind's eye at this moment, the result of one of these philosophical unions. The gentleman is all honor, all truth and sincerity. The lady possesses every virtue that the husband asked, or anticipated. Nothing mars the peace and kindness for which they bargained; and nothing is wanting to make their lot truly enviable, save that Cupid had nothing to do with their courtship; and the boy has been in a pet ever since, for the insult upon his powers, and will have nothing to do with their wedded life. But this digression hath but little to do with the sorrow of the young wife.

Isabella was not one to reproach her husband, even if she had felt any bitterness towards him, which, assuredly, she did not. She felt grieved, but not angered; and now that "they twain were one flesh," she knew that her part was *silent* endurance. Before her husband returned, she was calm, and

almost cheerful. Not a trace of the bitter grief, which lay quivering in her heart, appeared upon her countenance. Her resolution was fixed; and a few hours of suffering had aroused the latent energies of her nature.

After the evening meal had passed, Isabella left the room for a few moments; and when she returned, was equipped for a walk.

"Where are you going?" asked Charles, as he rose for his hat.

"No, no; do n't get your hat," interrupted Isabella; "I am only going to see Aunt Hepsy, and can well dispense with your company."

"But did not Doctor Allen say that you must avoid the evening air?" asked the husband, as he resumed his seat.

"Something like that," she replied; "but I have not seen Aunt Hepsy for a long time, and she may want something."

"Send Margaret to see, and do not go to-night."

"I had rather see for myself." And so saying, she left the room.

Charles resumed his paper; and as Isabella had not returned when he finished it, he took his hat, and sauntered to Esq. Davis's office, and getting engaged in a political discussion, it was long past the usual hour of retiring, when he returned home.

Isabella was asleep, or at least feigned it; and thus passed their first separate evening since their marriage.

"Do you ride to-day?" inquired Charles, as he rose from the breakfast table the next morning.

"No," replied Isabella; "I promised Aunt Hepsy to call there again this morning; and when I return, I will call upon Mrs. Converse. I have not called there these three months. I admire Mrs. Converse as much at home as I do Mr. Converse in the pulpit."

"Well, my compliments to Mrs. Converse. Shall I call, to return with you?—you may be fatigued."

"No; it will be unnecessary."

And thus several months passed. Isabella was almost ever engaged where her husband's attendance would be unnecessary; or, if too ill to go out, confined herself to her own room. There was not much improvement in her health. Care, anxiety, or sorrow, silently brooded over, are not the best specifics for an invalid. The new bonnet had not been worn, save a few times to church.

To church! that theatre in America for fashion! Yet libel, or heresy, as some may deem it, custom has rendered fashionable attire a necessary adjunct to public worship. Piety and devotion may mingle there too; but, from the pulpit to the door, it is so laden by display that you may not single out the worshipper from the exhibiter.

Charles both felt and noticed that his wife was not with him often; that of all his friends, she was the stranger. But it all appeared so natural: there was no appearance of avoidance, no opportunity for inquiry, nor any thing to base such an inquiry upon. She was kind, ready and sympathizing towards him, and his cares; but of herself there was no communication, no complaint; and the visits of her physician, she had vetoed entirely as professional.

What was it? He dare not accuse her of caprice: her quiet, calm dignity forbade the imputation. Not an act, or word, betrayed less love, less kindly regard; but he was impatient and restless, whether with her or absent; and he plunged more actively into his pursuits to save thought.

And Isabella? The grief which nestled in the depths of her heart, was known to none, save her God. To HIM she petitioned for that grace which



alone can sustain the sorrowing. To HIM she learned to bow in meekness, trusting that what seemed good in His sight, was sent in love and mercy.

It was Autumn, and a rash exposure in a cold storm, brought a prostrating fever upon Charles Britton. Again was Isabella his unwearied companion and nurse. She knew not fatigue, nor felt the delicacy of her own health. She only remembered that his life was in danger, that he was her own beloved husband, and that in a sick chamber, love and kindness are of more worth than the most dazzling beauty ever bestowed upon mortal.

It was night, and the crisis of the fever approached. Wildly, in his delirium, the sick man tossed and raved. At his bed-side, outwardly calm, stood the young wife, soothing the phrensy of his brain, and administering every prescription of the physician. Doctor Allen watched the crisis of his patient with her, and as, towards the morning, the sick man sunk into a slumber, he insisted that she should retire.

"This sleep," said he, "is natural; and I am sure that Mr. Britton will awaken with every favorable symptom. Seek rest now. I should have insisted upon it before, but I felt that your anxiety would hardly admit of it. But feel perfectly assured of a happy issue of the fever. Nay; you must go," he added, as she hesitated to comply, "your duty to your husband, as well as yourself, demands it." And putting a lamp into her hand, he gently led her to the door, and closed it.

The sun had risen before the sick man awoke from his refreshing slumbers. He looked around his chamber with a conscious glance, and, as his eye rested upon the doctor, the latter approached to give him a restorative.

"You feel better," said the doctor, in a soothing and encouraging tone.

"Yes; where is Isabella?"

"I have made her go to seek some rest. But here, take this, and keep quiet."

He obeyed, and again sank into a slumber. The doctor called an attendant, and after giving his directions, said,

"I will be in again in two or three hours; and if Mrs. Britton does not awaken before I come, do not disturb her."

It was near ten o'clock before the doctor called, and Isabella had not appeared.

"She was almost exhausted," said he to the girl, after her answer to his inquiries for her mistress; "but you may go up now, and see if she is awake. I almost fear to have her sleep so soundly too long."

In a few moments the girl returned, with the most terrifying alarm depicted upon her countenance.

"O, doctor!" she exclaimed, "I fear"—

The doctor put his hand upon her mouth, and pushed her from the room.

"What is it?" said he, in a low tone, as he closed the door.

"I am sure she is dead!" returned the girl; and in an instant Doctor Allen was by Isabella's bed. There certainly was cause for the girl's apprehension. She lay on the floor in front of the bed, and wholly insensible. The doctor placed her upon it, and, applying restoratives, sent the girl for more attendance. After giving the necessary orders for the moment, he turned to Margaret.

"This," said he, "must be kept from Mr. Britton, and you must stay with him. Come."

The girl followed him, and, after giving her his orders, he turned to Charles, who had faintly inquired if "any thing was the matter."

"I find," said the doctor, in answer, "that Mrs. Britton is quite exhausted,

and have ordered her not to leave her chamber to-day. You must keep quiet, and not talk. Margaret will take good care of you, and I will be in again in an hour or two."

He left the room, and cautiously sought the other chamber. \* \* \* \*

The next day, Charles became importunate to see Isabella.

"Can't she," said he, "come into the room? If she is only wearied out by watching, she can lie on the sofa, and Margaret can wait upon us both."

The doctor endeavored to expostulate, but it only irritated him, and he left the room. In a few moments, he returned, bearing a slight burden in his arms, which he laid upon the bed beside the convalescent. He started, with an exclamation of surprise, as the doctor turned back the shawl which enveloped it, and disclosed the face of an infant.

"You must be content," said he, "to receive a visit from your daughter, instead of your wife."

Charles's feelings, as he looked upon the little unmeaning lump of mortality beside him, were far from the delighted tenderness of a father: he only remembered that he was a husband.

"And Isabella?" said he, looking up to the doctor.

"She is as well as could be expected," replied the doctor, in the common parlance—which means, she may die, or she may recover, or any thing else.

In truth, the doctor, at that moment, despaired of her life; but before Charles was able to leave his room, she was out of immediate danger.

Charles's first visit was to his wife's chamber. He had seen the babe several times, had watched with curiosity to see it open its tiny blue eye, and had attempted to kiss it, but it was not until he saw it nestling in its mother's bosom, that he felt the emotions of a father in viewing his firstborn. He could not realize before that it was his child:

Isabella slowly recovered; and as she sat one day with the child in her arms, and Charles by her side, he said,

"Had not the child better be put out to nurse?"

"Why?" replied Isabella, and her lip quivered.

"I fear it is too much for you; you do not gain strength fast."

"Do not ask it," she rejoined, as the tears trembled in her eyes, and fell upon the unconscious face of the babe—"do not ask it, unless," she added, as the tears rolled faster down her face, "you fear that she may not be so healthy and fair by receiving her nourishment from me."

"So fair! my wife! what"—

"My ill health," she interrupted, "you know, has ruined my complexion, and I did not know but you feared that the babe might imbibe the same impurity of blood."

"It was of *you*, not the child, I was thinking."

She raised her eyes, and met the same glance that had oft made her heart thrill before she was a wife, or doubted her husband's affection.

"You do love *me*, even if I have prematurely faded," she sobbed.

"Did you ever doubt it?" he replied, as his arm passed round her waist, and her head fell upon his shoulder. "How much dearer as my wife, the mother of my child, than even as my beautiful betrothed."

After that, there was no more misunderstanding—no more doubts; and that confidence which begets happiness in married life, did what the art of Doctor Allen failed to do. It restored the bloom to Isabella's cheek, and the elasticity of health to her step. Happiness, the cosmetic, and the pure exercise of the affections, the *materia medica*, to renovate from nervous debility.

GRACE.



"HE IS NOT HERE—HE IS RISEN."

MOTHER! weep not o'er the new-made grave  
Of the child, who was taken so soon from your care,  
Come not again where the young willows wave,  
Breathe here no more the broken heart's prayer;  
This is no place for the sigh and the tear,  
Thine infant has risen—it lieth not here.

FATHER! who prayest, as never before,  
That strength may be given to drink of this cup;  
The joy of thine age, of thy being, is o'er,  
Thy hope has been taken, but still bear thee up—  
Bend not in agony over this bier,  
Thy son has arisen—he lieth not here.

SISTER! who seekest, in twilight and gloom,  
The place where the loved and departed doth lay,  
Though the form is now resting within this dark tomb,  
And, mouldering to dust, is now the cold clay—  
Yet, life for thy hope, and death for thy fear,  
Thy brother has risen—he lieth not here.

BROTHER! who comest, at even-tide,  
To mourn for the friend of thy childhood and youth,  
The dead and the living by faith are allied,  
And the grave is now whispering this gladdening truth,  
"Weep not for him, who once was so dear,  
Thy friend has arisen—he lieth not here."

MAIDEN! who comest and breathest thy moan,  
Bending in agony over this dust,  
Hope for the future! and this shall atone

For the stroke which has shaken thy love and thy trust—  
Faith bids thee look up, where *he* will appear,  
For the loved one has risen—he lieth not here.

WIDOW! who gazest far over the deep,  
Shrouding the form which sank there to rest,  
'Neath the blue waves the earthly may sleep,  
But the spirit has gone to the land of the blest—  
Those waters will evermore chant to thine ear,  
Thy husband has risen—he lieth not here.

CHRISTIAN! wherever a grave hath been made,  
On whate'er spot may a monument rise,  
In whate'er place may a corse have been laid,  
Thence there is pealing this chant to the skies,  
Loudly it soundeth, and ever more clear—  
"The spirit has risen—it cannot lie here."

H. F.

## PLEA FOR THE INDIAN.

"I venerate the pilgrim's cause,  
Yet for the red man dare to plead,  
We bow to heaven's recorded laws,  
He turned to nature for a creed."

HAPPY New England! well may our thoughts wander back to the little band, who, under Providence, laid the foundation for all our blessings. Many and severe were the trials they encountered. They suffered from the want of food; and sometimes from the piercing cold of winter they had no shelter. They had every thing to fear from the ruthless tomahawk of the savages, by whom they were surrounded. And is it not probable that they were sometimes depressed and disheartened by the idea, that they should soon be swept off by the ills with which they were encompassed; and that the object for which they had forsaken friends, kindred and home, would be lost? But, placing their trust in that Being, who was amply able to protect, they struggled through hardship, toil and suffering, and prepared for their posterity, the inestimable advantages which we enjoy. And let it not be forgotten, in the plenitude of our national prosperity, that the pilgrims once wandered here amidst poverty and distress, and that the soil has been watered with pilgrims' tears, and stained with pilgrims' blood.

Here once lived another and a different race of beings. The green majestic forests, and the pleasant hunting grounds of the red man, once occupied the places of our thriving farms, and busy towns and cities. The rich plains and valleys of New England, were once the property of the Indian. He was found by the pilgrims in a state of barbarism, "a poor uneducated child of nature." Unaccustomed to acts of kindness and affection, and a stranger to those sympathies which soften the heart, and render sweet the intercourse of civilized life, he seemed to have surrendered himself entirely to the guidance of strong and active passions. A being of excitement, happy only when engaged in his favorite amusements, hunting, fishing, and warring with his enemies. They were strongly attached to their original modes and habits of life, and nothing has been sufficiently powerful to counteract the prejudices they have ever felt to civilization and refinement. For the red man, the treasures of science never had been opened; for him, the light of divine revelation had never shed its glory. Directed only by the imperfect light of nature, they acknowledged and worshipped the Great Spirit, and firmly believed in a future state of existence. With an unshaken reliance upon his protection, they fearlessly pursued paths beset with difficulty and danger. The Indian's idea of a Supreme Being was the most remarkable trait in his character. To the skeptic it furnishes an unanswerable argument. The red man's religion was not the result of fear, for he knew no fear; or of education, for he was untutored. It proceeded from the silent teachings of nature, and bears the impress of truth. But where now shall we look for the red man? The forests have disappeared, the deer and the buffalo have forsaken the plains, and the smoke from their wigwams can no longer be seen. As the whites have advanced, the Indians have been destroyed, or thrown back, till, far away, in one section of our land, are collected together the few scattered remnants of the race. Again, and again, have their lands been coveted by the avaricious, and by them surrounded and pressed upon, until, disheartened by repeated and ineffectual efforts to resist the strong arm of the op-



pressor, and finding their numbers greatly reduced, and themselves weakened by the vices introduced among them by the whites, they were at length compelled to bow to the will of their invaders, who, pointing far away to the setting sun, told them that there they must find a home and a grave. Slowly and sadly they have forsaken their dear native homes, and resigned to the "pale faces" the hallowed land, where repose the bones of their ancestors. The hopes of the red man are nearly extinguished. The pride of his spirit is broken, but the injustice he has received from the white man, still rankles in his bosom. And what reparation shall be made for the unprovoked wrongs that have been heaped upon the natives of the soil? Let their uncultivated minds be taught to appreciate the high value of civilization and learning; and let the enlightened Christian point them to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

J. S. W.

### THE PROSPECT FROM MY WINDOW IN THE MILL.

DIRECTLY below my window passes the combination of nature, and human invention, forming a canal, whose smooth surface sparkles beneath the rays of the sun, with countless emanations of brightness, as it flows calmly and slowly, but steadily on, in its undeviating path of usefulness, like the movements of many among the most useful and excellent members of society. On the opposite side, stands an establishment for the construction of various kinds of machinery, used in different parts of the country, adding much to the interest of our "growing city." Here many of the stronger sex find appropriate and profitable occupation; and, in all the dignity of their superior endowments, are kept, as many as can find employment, in labor and confinement at least *no less irksome* than that of any factory girl. A little farther, is a smaller establishment used for similar purposes. Beyond these, and the green yard adjoining them, and meeting, in my view, the glorious horizon, I see smiling white cottages, interspersed with fine young trees, refreshing to the eye, and beautifully displaying the taste and industry of our good citizens. As seen in the distance, in the spring and summer months, they sometimes remind me of large and beautiful buds of white roses, half-concealed by their green leaves.

At the left, I have a glance of the railroad cars, as they pass, carrying, to and fro, many of the strangers who visit our "American Manchester" on business, or for curiosity and pleasure. At my right and left, I have a delightful prospect of hills and trees, together with the pleasant habitations of my fellow-beings. There are also, scattered in different directions, the spires of seven churches—all pointing upward, as if to direct our thoughts and aspirations above this beautiful, but fading earth, to bright scenes of enduring felicity.

"Not much of a prospect, after all," says some lover of the sublime and romantic. True, it exhibits no mountains towering high, with "ravines deep," or "reposing lakes," nor splendid castles, and magnificence of art, nor yet the most pleasant portion of our own goodly city; but it has enough of beauty in nature and art, to call into exercise a perception of the beautiful and sublime, and to cause me often to wish a poet's eye, or a painter's skill. Enough without, or within, my window to call for heartfelt gratitude, in re-

minding me that I have a residence in an enlightened and Christian land; and enough of nature's loveliness, to lead the mind "through nature up to nature's God." And how can I forget this awfully glorious and sublime subject of contemplation, in full view of seven church spires, including, in their number, the steeple towering above the sacred walls, within whose loved enclosures I have chosen to worship; where I have so often listened to religious instruction with delight, as it came in language of persuasive and convincing eloquence, from lips uttering the effusions of a pious and benevolent heart, warm with the love of God and man, and glowing with intense interest for the welfare of immortal spirits; where, while bowing with the children of God, we have often realized with the poet,

"Rich dews of grace come o'er us,  
In many a gentle shower,  
And brighter scenes before us  
Are opening every hour."

M. T.

### MY GRANDFATHER'S QUEUE.

HERE it is, enclosed in the envelope in which it was placed so many years ago, and upon which, in my grandmother's hand-writing, are the words "My Dear Husband's." Here, in this old reliquary, it has been kept for many long years, just as she braided and arranged it on the morning of his death. And while his body has been mouldering in dust—while his remembrance has been fading from the earth—while she has failed, decayed, died, and mingled also with her kindred earth, this queue is soft, bright and brown, as on the day she severed it from his head. While all things else have been changing, withering, and passing away, this only relic is fresh and unchanged.

I never saw him, but this braid of hair,

"Which once was his—which now is mine,"

was as real, as much a part of himself, as that which has mouldered to ashes. It looks to me as it did to those who looked upon it while he lived and moved among them, excepting, always, the difference which associations can create in all things, which claim our attention and thoughts. It looks to me as it did to her who preserved it, in its brown hue, while her own was thinned and whitened by age, save that she looked at it through eyes blinded by tears of affectionate remembrance. But I will moralize no longer over my grandfather's queue. I will place it again where it was deposited, nearly half a century ago, but I must still indulge in some few reminiscences of my grandfather.

There is still in existence the full length portrait of Madam G., a stately dame "of the old school," and the wife of a wealthy merchant of one of our New England towns. She had no children, and when, one night, a little boy, wrapped in a damask cloak, was brought and placed within her arms, she resolved that her nephew should be her son. My grandfather was a precocious child; and at the age of twelve years he was fitted for college: he entered at thirteen, was afterwards suspended a year, for letting his room to a disorderly party of students, and refusing to disclose their names, and graduated at eighteen. His kind protectors were dead, and he, young, sanguine, and inexperienced, was left with a fortune at his command. He studied no



profession; he did not fulfil his uncle's probable intention, by becoming a merchant. He married, ere he became of age, his guardian's daughter, and was soon the father of two little girls. Then he became a widower, and at the age when young men usually begin to think of finding a sharer of life's joys, and divider of its sorrows, he was seeking for a mother to his orphans. He remembered the playmate of his school days, at Dummer Academy, and selected my grandmother for his second bride. At this time he was very handsome, a fine scholar, and in every respect an accomplished gentleman—my grandmother was handsome, accomplished, and very intellectual, and life appeared to them divested of its sorrows, and lavish of its joys.

The bright scene darkened—wealth departed, carrying friends, and many of the wonted sources of pleasure; and he, whose life had been spent in mental culture and refinement, must use his powers and attainments in the service of his fellow-men; receiving as his reward, a maintenance for himself and family. He opened a school, and was successful in his new vocation; but while years passed on, in honorable industry, a blight was settling upon his spirit. He felt that he had fallen, that he was a degraded man; though honorable and upright in the extreme, though willing to devote himself to his family, yet his pride was excessive, and his sensibilities acute. Those who do not acquire property, know not well how to manage it, when acquired by others, and the inherited estate was lessening every day. His mind became unbalanced, and he died insane. The Masonic Lodge, of which he was Master, buried him with every honor, and he was lamented as an amiable and honorable man, though he *had* been obliged to labor for his support.

There are one or two anecdotes still related of him, illustrative of his character, and of the spirit of the times. Before his marriage he had secured for himself the best accommodations at a public boarding-house. One day he was requested to give up his room to an officer, who had just arrived in his Majesty's American possessions, and, like a true John Bull, must have the best of every thing, and the privilege of turning up his nose at that. In vain my grandfather remonstrated against the purposed ejection from his apartments, the Englishman must have his room. My grandfather was too indignant to let him lodge quietly in the bed from which he had been forced, and resolved to cool the Englishman's spirits, and quench his pride, with a pail of cold water. This was expeditiously applied in the middle of the night, and the Englishman was glad to get away from the Bay State, probably carrying with him to England, the report, that, in America, the barbarians were in the habit of drowning strangers in their beds.

From this time my grandfather had a dislike to English officers, which was increased by their airs of superiority, and contempt of every thing colonial. He felt himself as good as if he had been born the other side of the Atlantic, and was once determined, if he could not share their sport, he would spoil it.

The English officers had once made great preparations for a dinner of turtle-soup. Monsieur Combsell had been abducted from his native home, and placed in a large hogshead, guarded, during the night, by a great dog. My grandfather hired a negro to release the turtle from "*durance vile*," and bought a quarter of beef to occupy the dog's attention, while his was being transported from the hogshead to a boat in waiting. Then the released captive was gratified with a boat ride, all "*in the stilly night*," and finally returned, safe and sound, to his native element. The next day all was ready, the host, waiters and guests, all—but the turtle-soup. ANNETTE.

## STORIES FROM THE LINN-SIDE. No. III.

## THE VICTIM OF REVENGE.

"Oh, Blanche! do look at this beautiful bouquet, that has been left for me," exclaimed Avice Howard, as she entered the back parlor, where Blanche, her more than cousin in kindness, was arranging decorations of gold lace and blonde for a grand party, that was to be given by Mrs. Sinclair, the following evening.

"They are beautiful indeed," said Avice, "but who sent them?"

"Oh, that is what I cannot inform you; William said, when he brought them into the drawing-room, that a gentleman left them for Miss Howard; but, alas! his name is a mystery."

"Who can it be?" soliloquized the laughing Avice, as her eyes again rested upon the delicate flowers. "It may be the same that sent that elegant English annual, on Christmas eve; and the set of pearls for the new year's ball; and the same too that sings the "FLOWER OF DUMBLANE," so often under my window, accompanied by the guitar. But then, how should a stranger be familiar with my tastes and fancies, and know that the "Flower of Dumblane," was my favorite song. Yet it seems that the gallant unknown is acquainted with the fact. He knows even how dearly I love it, for he dwells slightly upon the other strains I most admire. But God forbid, that my fate should be like Jessie Monteith's, notwithstanding the charm that Tannahill threw around her name when he sang

"How lost were my days, till I met wi' my JESSIE,  
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;  
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,  
Till I met wi' my Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane.  
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
Amidst its confusion I'd languish in pain,  
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,  
If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dumblane."

"Well, well, Avice," said Blanche, "do n't perplex yourself to unravel the mystery, and it will all terminate as you wish, by-and-by, and you must assuredly give your *inamorato* credit for much taste in the selection of flowers, and without doubt, if read aright, they are emblematical of love's sweet tale; for the poet says,

"Flowers are love's own offering,  
To the beautiful and dear,"

and right glad should I be if some knight-errant would just send me one of Flora's brilliant offerings."

"But you shall share them with me, dear Blanche. This white rose will be in beautiful contrast with the dark waves of your hair."

"Nay, my pretty cousin," said Blanche, "they were not designed for me, so I will not deprive you of your fragrant gifts." \* \* \*

It was a calm evening in early spring; innumerable stars spangled the dome of heaven, and all things looked bright and fair upon earth; it would scarcely seem, on such an evening, that aught unholy could visit the mind of man; but it was even so.

In a large and richly furnished apartment, at one of the fashionable hotels



in the city of B., was seated a gentleman who might have numbered thirty winters. He was turning over a book of prints, that he designed for the next present to Miss Howard. "She is young and beautiful, too," he said musingly, "and will be easily won, if I play my cards skilfully, and then her aristocratic old father may boast of the bright escutcheon of which he is so proud, but an indelible stain shall mar its brightness. He enclosed the book in an envelope, and there was something fiendlike in the frown that gathered on his brow, and the bright flashing of his eye, as he rang the bell, which was soon answered by Alessandro, his servant.

"Leave this at Mr Howard's, for his fair daughter," he said, handing the package, "and be sure that you answer no questions."

"Yes, sir," was the response, as the door was closed.

Mr. Howard was one of the oldest inhabitants of B. He could honorably pride himself upon his even noble descent, and the high respectability of all his connections. He had passed the prime of life, before he chose a partner to share his joys and sorrows, and scarcely had two years winged their rapid flight before she was called to join the angel choir, leaving an infant daughter, as a legacy to her bereaved husband. The little Avice was the image of her departed mother, and, as she grew older, her father would often say he believed he worshipped her with almost a sinful idolatry. He was wealthy, for the early part of his life was spent in accumulating a fortune for old age, and there would a smile of joy pass over his pallid features, as he thought that besides guiding his daughter in the paths of virtue, he could bestow upon her all the blessings of wealth. And how affectionately did she repay his kindness! If he was sad, she would sing him the songs he loved to hear; and if weary, she would rest his head upon her shoulder, and twine her slender fingers in his silver hair, and they were all the world to each other.

She had just entered her seventeenth year at the commencement of this tale, beautiful as a houri, and pure as a seraph. She seemed too beautiful to die, but alas! it is ever thus; the fairest flowers are the first to fade, and a sunbeam passes quickly away. Music with her was a passion, and often had she listened to the deep, clear voice that wafted by, in such sweet melody, on the evening breeze; and surely, she would say, one that can call forth such heavenly sounds must be all that is good. She knew not that there was another lesson to learn—"that man could smile and smile, *and even sing*, and be a villain still."

Blanche Sherburne was an orphan, the only child of Mr. Howard's sister, who died while on a tour through Europe, and with her last breath she dictated a letter to her brother, entreating him to be a father to her child; and well had he fulfilled the trust reposed in him. Blanche, it is true, was second in his affections, but everything else she shared equally with Avice, and to her she had ever been like an elder sister. If there was to be a ball or a party, Blanche must select the ornaments, and none were dressed in better taste than were the beautiful daughter and neice of Mr. Howard.

The evening at length arrived for the long talked of party, and there could not have been a more propitious one for the meeting of the young and gay. Midnight came, and with it all the little world of B. to Mrs. Sinclair's, or at least a favored portion of it, to the exclusion of all the rest. The proud, the fair, and the young, thronged the stately halls, enchanting with music and beauty.

In the deep recess of a window, stood Captain Fitzherbert; the dark shade was dispelled from his brow, and his lips were wreathed with their most fascinating smiles. He looked long and steadily at the motley crowd, until he saw Howard, with his fair daughter leaning on his arm, enter the room.



"Is she not beautiful?" he exclaimed, and a shade of better feeling passed the demon in his heart, as he thought of the wife and little ones he had left in a foreign land; but it was momentary, for the lofty form of Howard appeared to him in all the pride of manhood, and it almost seemed that they again stood on the shores of India, when Howard had branded him with the epithet of liar, and called him a poor menial. "That was our first meeting, but he does not recognize in the commander of the *Louis Phillippe*, the friendless youth he then so grossly insulted, and *I must* be revenged."

He left the recess he had occupied for the last half hour, and made his way to the sofa, where Avice was seated. They had often met before, and the father had manifested no slight degree of pleasure in witnessing the marked attentions of the frank and handsome stranger.

"Ah, good evening, Miss Howard," said Fitzherbert, as he appeared, and took the small white hand that was not withdrawn, and gallantly touching it to his lips, "I scarcely promised myself the pleasure of meeting you this evening; will you take my arm," he continued, "I see they are preparing for a promenade?" Alas! she did take his offered arm, and he took her young heart.

Time passed on, and the dark-eyed stranger as he was called, became a constant visitor at Mr. Howard's. To Avice he appeared all her heart had ever dreamed of honor, frankness, and intellectual superiority, and her father looked upon him as the star that was to light the pathway of his only cherished one. And what a star!

But we will not follow him in his guilty career; suffice it to say, he *was* revenged; the daughter of a proud house had fallen, and a saint might have fallen within a net so artfully woven.

The *Louis Phillippe* had sailed for the East Indies, but before her departure Fitzherbert asked Howard if he remembered the poor menial, whom he had once insulted on the shores of India. "I am that one, but I must bid you good morning," at the same time raising his hat, "as I set sail this hour, to visit my wife and children before a longer voyage," and, as he stepped on deck, he left all that load of deep and untold misery behind.

Oh! it was a fearful sight, to see that old man, with his silvered hair, bowed down with grief, for the daughter was a maniac.

Blanche was almost broken hearted at the work which an unprincipled man had made in that happy home, which was once an earthly paradise; but "all things work together for good," was her motto, and this may be the means of bringing my dear uncle to a knowledge of the truth, that he must look to a higher source than the pride and paltry things of earth, for that happiness which satisfies the heart; and that he may be led in future to judge men from what they are, not from the wealth they possess, or the proud name that distinguishes them.

"The girl was dying—youth and beauty, all  
Men love, or women boast of, was decaying;  
And, one by one, life's finest flowers did fall  
Before the touch of death, who seem'd delaying,  
As though he'd not the heart at once to call  
The maiden to his home."

Months passed away, and the slight form of Avice, daily becoming more shadowy, seemed like a heavenly spirit, which, having performed its mission on earth, melts into a misty wreath, then disappears forever. The father could not endure the thought of a separation from his beloved child; night



after night he watched by her couch, when others slept; and his glance never wandered from the burning spot upon her cheek, the sign of the fire that was consuming her vitals. \* \* \*

Again it was a bright spring evening. In a gorgeously furnished chamber, dimly lighted by a single shaded lamp, that threw its feeble rays upon the dome-covered couch, reclined Avice Howard, struggling between life and death. A white arm, fingers snowy taper and transparent, were reposing amongst the folds of fringe and flowers. The outlines of her limbs, coiled up as though in uneasy slumber, varied each instant their restless attitude. Moisture was upon her brow, and her dark hair contrasted mournfully with the ghostly paleness of her snowy skin. Her father was bending over her, when he heard the door softly open; it was the physician; and when the old man saw him, his whole frame trembled. His finger was on his lips, and they receded many paces from the silent chamber, before either spoke.

"Oh! tell me," said the father, "that you can save her, and I will bless you with my latest breath; and wealth shall be yours, wealth that Cleopatra never dreamed of, if you will but save my child."

"I will do all in my power," was the quick answer of Dr. M., as he brushed the tear from his cheek; but to tell you the plain truth, I think she is beyond the reach of human skill."

A deep sigh was the only answer of the agonized parent, and they entered the sick room together. She was changed. Reason had again resumed her empire, and for the first time for many long, wearisome months, she recognized her father. She motioned him to her side. "Father," she commenced, "will you forgive me, and bless me, ere I die; for I feel that my sands are nearly run."

The old man's heart was too full for utterance; she threw open her arms to embrace him, and brought down his silvered hair to her bosom; he raised his head, and again and again pressed his lips to her brow, and all was forgiven. Yes; long before she asked it. She expressed a wish to be raised up, that she might speak with greater ease, for she felt she was fast sinking into that deep sleep, that knows no waking. Fervently she prayed for her enemies, that they might seek forgiveness from God, well knowing that He would forgive them, as freely as she had done, and after she had bade them all a solemn and touching farewell, and had commended her aged parent to the safe keeping of Him who knows all hearts, she sank back, fainting; but her father's arm supported her, and once again her eyes unclosed, and rested on his face, as she said, "It will not be long; we shall soon meet again beyond the dark valley and the shadow, where all will be light and peace, and where it will be a pleasure to say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done.'"

Wearily her eyelids dropped, and a shudder passed through her frame. Then all was still—her father bent over her, and touched her lips. They were cold in death. Then came the frightful truth to his mind that he held a corpse in his arms, and that corpse, his beloved daughter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several months slowly rolled on their course, and in due time, a new monument was raised in a beautiful cemetery, "a city of graves." It consisted of a broken column, on the side of which blossomed a wild rose, torn and trailing upon the ground; and upon it were inscribed the following lines:

DIED

May 4th, 18—,

A VICE H O W A R D ,

Aged 19,

Only daughter of John Howard, Esq.

"Hush! 't is thou that dreaming art,  
 Calmer is *her* gentle breast.  
 Yes! o'er fountain, vale and grove,  
 Leaf and flower hath gushed her love;  
 But that passion, deep and true,  
 Knows not of a last adieu."

Blanche predicted truly; Mr. Howard became an altered man. From a proud overbearing aristocrat, he became an humble follower of Christ, forgiving as he hoped to be forgiven.

And Fitzherbert—he too, the cruel one, the despoiler, has changed—from a daring profligate, he has been led to "drink at the fountain of living waters," and bitterly has he repented, even in dust and ashes, for the REVENGE he so calmly meditated upon the innocent and lovely daughter, for an insult from the proud father.

But the old man has long since been gathered to his kindred, and his vast wealth, after providing generously for Blanche, was bequeathed to an Asylum for the unfortunate.

And spite of all the suffering which Blanche has witnessed and endured, she still can stand beside that broken column, and lay her hand upon the monument which has since been raised at its side, and say in faith, "All things must work for good."  
 IONE.

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MISS F.:—As an instance, to what uses the good and the beautiful may be perverted, permit me to offer the following Parody upon the "Old Arm-Chair," by Eliza Cook, for insertion in your magazine. The Parody, I think, can be as generally appreciated for its truthfulness, as the original has been for its beauty and pathos.

## THE DENTIST'S ARM-CHAIR.

A PARODY.

I fear it! I fear it! and who shall dare  
 To chide me for fearing that dark arm-chair?  
 I've dreaded it long, and with fearful cries—  
 I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs;  
 Fear shoots with a thousand pangs through my heart;  
 Not one will yield, not a tremor depart.  
 Would ye learn the spell? my *jaw* was *broke* there!  
 And a horrid place sure is the dentist's arm-chair.

In childhood's hour, from my teeth I have scream'd,  
 But of the dentist's power, I never had dream'd—  
 My mother,—she charm'd away every fear,  
 With threatening words, and a blow on the ear.  
 She scorn'd that her child such a coward should be,  
 And said that there ne'er was a ninny like me;  
 And she taught me—but what, I cannot declare—  
 Though I learn'd not of her, to dread that arm-chair.

I sat, and I dreaded it, day after day,  
 As my teeth grew black, and began to decay;  
 And I almost died, when I learn'd to feel  
 The jaw-breaking pain, inflicted by steel.



The rack, and the scaffold, cannot have the power  
To equal the torture of that fearful hour,  
When I learn'd how much my *temper* could bear,  
As they held me fast in that dark arm-chair.

'T is past! 't is past! but I think of it now  
With a quivering lip, and a throbbing brow;  
'T was there I kick'd! it was there I cried,  
And my shame will come like a lava tide.  
They said it was folly, and deem'd me weak,  
As the scalding drops flow'd down my cheek;  
But I fear it, I fear it, and never can bear  
The thought, or the sight, of the dentist's arm-chair.

QUIZZIANA.

## THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### Nos. II. & III. CLEOPATRA, AND ZENOBIA.

TURNING from the slender form of the Indian princess, all destitute as it appears of any exterior mark of royalty, it is dazzling to look upon these queens of the East. Cleopatra and Zenobia, though differing in their character, nation, and exploits, yet seem united in our sympathies by some similarity of personal graces, and by their tragical fate. In the persons of these beautiful, and accomplished, oriental females, have been concentrated more of wealth, splendor, pomp, and elegance, of all that can seduce the senses, than will ever be witnessed again. They may be considered the impersonations of female sovereignty; the proof of what woman will do when she is *woman*, and uninfluenced by any circumstances but those of her own creation. They looked not back upon the past, for precedents, for they were among the first to rule their kingdoms with a woman's sway; they looked not around them for example, support, or sympathy, for they were too far removed from all contemporaries to avail themselves of aught of these; and mayhap they looked not forward, to the future, for applause, approval, and a posthumous fame. The institutions, and religions of their clime, and age, were rather adverse than favorable to the developement of characters like theirs, and could not exert an influence corresponding to the modifications they received in return. They were women; acting with woman's impulses, and strengthened with a woman's will.

Hence their reigns, while they were rulers, were like a splendid triumph; one long-extended show of riches, pomp, and grace; a dazzling display of the wealth of the Orient, as exhibited with the utmost elegance and taste. They lived in the present, surrounding themselves with the rare, the costly, and the beautiful, and it is the remembrance of what they were then, rather than an indelible impression stamped upon their kind, that wins a place in every portrait gallery, whether of painter, sculptor, poet, or historian. It is in early morning that the clouds are pink, and purple, and gold: that earth puts on her diamond robe, and flowers send up their sweetest incense, and every shrub, and tree, and grove, is studded with its varied jewelry; but it is not then that the shrub sends forth its shoots; that the grass is preparing its blade for the mower, or the seed-vessel ripening for the harvest. The glittering and beautiful are sometimes allied with the enduring and useful, but seldom in the history of nations, or their rulers.

Here is the Egyptian queen, as portrayed by the master-poet; and was there ever, before, so enchanting a union of splendor and grace? Royalty

is behind her; a ruler awaits her coming; and idolatrous worship is all around her.

“The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
 Burned on the water: the stern was beaten gold:  
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
 The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were silver;  
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
 It beggared all description: she did lie  
 In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue)  
 O’er-picturing that Venus, where we see,  
 The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,  
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
 With diverse-colored fans, whose wind did seem  
 To glow the delicate cheek which they did cool,—  
 Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
 So many mermaids, tended her i’ the eyes,  
 And made their bends adorning: at the helm  
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle  
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
 Of the adjacent wharves. The city cast  
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
 Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,  
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
 And made a gap in nature.”

Such was this fascinating sovereign, this syren queen, conquering by subduing; appealing wholly to the senses; binding, with her magic spell, the reason, awakening the fancy, and enlivening the imagination, by her consummate arts and graces. Such was she, as she took such pains to appear to “Noble Antony,” the triumvir of Rome, and, by such arts, to be converted to a slave of “Egypt.”

There never yet was queen who effected so much by female tact, and blandishment, as Cleopatra. It was not alone by her superior intellect, but by her captivating powers that she won, that then unwonted place for one of her weak sex, a seat upon her father’s throne; a divided power with Ptolemy, her brother. With any other partner his deficiencies might not have ever glaringly appeared; but with the lovely girl, who, even then, was versed in all of feminine accomplishments, who was also learned in Grecian lore, who could hold audience, herself, with the representatives of ten different countries, who so charmingly united vivacity and grace, mental activity with girlish languishment, who had a talent, all her own, to mould so many to her will, contrasted with his sister, young Ptolemy was not a monarch.

The pageant and insignia of royalty were too pleasing, too necessary to Cleopatra, for the developement of her peculiar powers, for her to remain a second to one so much inferior. That she was devoid of sisterly affection, is not probable, when she would so readily yield to other love, but no passion in her was superior to ambition. There are always friends to justice, and foes to beauty, intellect, and fortune. Cleopatra did not usurp ascendancy without opposition. She was always brave when mental courage only was required, and resolved to submit to no dictation. Then, when her country was convulsed with factions, and Rome was called upon to decide between the rival kindred, then, for the first time, did she show to what she could descend, as she had shown before to what she would aspire. Gaining by stratagem an audience with Cæsar, she disarmed him of all the qualifications



of an impartial judge, by transforming him into a lover. From that time until the murmurs of his indignant soldiery, penetrating even the palace of the luxurious queen, aroused him from the enchanting dream, was the great Roman the slave of the Egyptian girl. It was by contributing to his pleasure that she preserved her own power, and gained a mastery over the master of the world.

But when he was gone, and there was naught for her to do but to "rule over Egypt," she did it wisely and well. Her country prospered, and she could read in the magnificence to which she trusted, much to preserve her influence over her people.

With the diadem of Isis on her brow, and the robe of the goddess encircling her form, it is not wonderful that, with her grace, and accomplishments, she should retain the adoration of subjects, whose regard was never excited by sterner attributes. Then came Pompey, and then another brave Roman owned the magic of the Egyptian's sway. But we have portrayed her as she first was seen by stern Mark Antony, the rough warrior, the hard Roman, and truly did it need seductions, such as hers, to subdue the man, whose pulses long had ceased to beat to the quick impulses of youth. Cleopatra did not exert her powers in vain, and again was a Roman leader bewitched by the sorceries of this syren. The spell was long and strong upon him, and never *broken*; but once Mark Antony aroused from slumber. The dream was lurking in his brain, even when, in distant Rome, he made the lovely, modest and virtuous Octavia his bride. One would think that, with so pure a cup of happiness at his lips, he would never have turned again to the intoxicating draught. And one might think it strange that *she* could condescend to drink again at the bowl of pleasure, with him. From the time of their reunion, when he forgot his duty to himself, to his country, his noble brother-in-law, and wife, to revel in luxury with her, who forgot the dignity of a woman and queen, to join with him in revelry—from that moment there are darker shadows, on the shifting scenes, than heretofore have mingled with the dazzling lights. But when Mark Antony rose from his syren's arms, to meet the just avenger, when Octavius and Antony were to decide, in blood and battle, whether his duties were to be abandoned, and the rights of others outraged, with impunity: then Cleopatra shew, as she had shown before, that she could share the trial with those who shared her pleasure; that she would not abandon in the storm those with whom she had basked in the sunshine. She brought forces to her lover; she brought him ships and men; for she could remember that he had given her kingdoms and crowns. If she had kept aloof from the combat her cause must have been the gainer, if not Mark Antony the victor. It was not courage that led her to the battle-ship. It was dread—it was that craven fear which could not allow her protector from her sight; which could not wait, and meet her fate alone. But her physical timidity overcame her mental powers, and "in the midst of the fight, when vantage, like a pair of twins, appeared," she fled, and "Antony flies after her,"—

"Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself."

Cleopatra loved Mark Antony, with all the love her heart could feel; and even in the midst of her shame, anguish, and fear of impending ruin, there was some little consolation in the assurance that he too loved her, as well as he could love—that though Octavia lived, and one was in her grave, his "serpent of old Nile" could spread her wile around him still. Now she knew

that there was strength in her flower-wreathed chains, and that it was not all hyperbole when he said

"Thou knewest too well  
My heart was to thy rudder tied, by the strings,  
And thou should'st tow me after; o'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knewest: and that  
Thy beck might, from the bidding of the gods,  
Command me."

Cleopatra never could win respect, even in her days of comparative innocence, but in these last sad scenes we cannot wholly refuse our admiring sympathy. True, as danger thickened, and ruin pressed upon them, she gave herself up to excess of pleasure; but she was not wholly selfish, and she and Antony were two of a band "*united in death*." True, there was loud mirth, and gay revelry, at Antony's birthday feast, but her own she kept in silence and sadness—true, as the fatal tragedy drew near its close, she fled to an asylum, which she knew could afford no safety to him; but when the doom, he could not long avert, was hastened by his own hand, and in the belief of her death, she did not refuse him the privilege of dying near her. With her own hands, the "hands which kings had trembled kissing," all distended, and convulsed with the exertion, she helped to draw the dying man into her tower; she wiped the death-damp from his brow, and kissed his quivering lips, and received his latest breath upon her own. True, she condescended to ask favors of Octavius, but it was that she might bury Antony with honor, and that Egypt, the patrimony of her father, might be given to her children. True, she sought death, but it was as a relief from ignominy. She, who had hoped to reign in Rome, and be acknowledged mistress of the world, may be excused if she shrank from being there exhibited as a captive.

The asp had done its poisonous work, when the Roman burst into the chamber of death; but the crown was then upon her head, and the royal robes lay in rich folds upon her stiffening form. One handmaid lay already dead at her feet—another was dying, while arranging the diadem upon her brow. Can we not agree with her in her answer to the Roman's question.—"Charmian, was this well done?" "Yes, Roman! it was well—for such a death was meet for such a queen."

We should not judge this ancient heathen queen by those pure rules, that high standard, which should govern the actions of a Christian matron. We always do injustice to any person, by taking them from their age and country, and judging them by the rules of right and wrong which are the standard of another. Cleopatra was one of the most fascinating of women, and she did—what women are always wont to do—she exerted the power she possessed.—She was the unwedded wife of Cæsar, Pompey, and Mark Antony, but her favors were not bestowed upon inferiors, and to two, at least, she was faithful till death—to all she awarded the constancy they deserved.

Educated, as she was, in a corrupt court, with no good guide, and no true faith, who can tell to what, under other influences, her superior talents, and fascinating powers, might have been directed.

As she is, she stands one by herself—and to be judged by no laws, but those which are common to all mankind. In the long line of Egyptian sovereigns she is as a fairy in some old gallery of armored statues, fixing the attention of all by her bewitching loveliness; though among them seeming to be not of them, and leading the beholder to doubt whether she be, indeed, a vision, or reality.

To be concluded.



## AUTUMNAL THOUGHTS.

AUTUMN sere! I love thee well,  
 Though thy warning whispers tell  
     " Winter hovers near"—  
 And the forest tops among,  
 Drowning oft the wild bird's song,  
     Shrieks the north wind drear.

Rich hues deck the woodlands now;  
 Leaflets on the trembling bough,  
     Brighten as they fall:  
 Thus our loved ones pine and fade,  
 And seem lovelier far when laid  
     'Neath the silent pall.

Gaily smiles the blushing Spring,  
 When the low-tuned zephyrs bring  
     Breath of new-blown flowers;  
 With a ringing, cheerful voice  
 Calleth she, " Rejoice! Rejoice!"  
     All the sunny hours.

Thou, of aspect grave and staid,  
 In thy rustling robe arrayed,  
     Crowned with withered wreath;  
 When the boding winds rush by,  
 Then thy voice, with mournful sigh,  
     Saith, " Prepare for death!"

Autumn sad! though Spring is gay,  
 Thy hoarse tones, and brown array,  
     Are to me more dear;  
 For thou mindest me of one,  
 Who, with kind, yet fearless tone,  
     Warns when danger's near.

Call not that a faithful friend,  
 Who can smiles and flattery lend,  
     When 't is well with thee;  
 But who checks thy giddy way,  
 Bids thee turn from earth away,  
     *These the true ones be.*      L. L.

## EDITORIAL.

HOME IN A BOARDING-HOUSE. Home in a boarding-house is always different from home anywhere else; and home in a factory boarding-house, differs materially from home in any other. This difference is perceptible at the first entrance. There is a peculiarity "all its own," in the great domicil, which usually shelters us. One might readily see by its accommodations, or rather its "fixings," (we beg pardon of Dickens) for they are not always acknowledged as accommodations, by the party most directly concerned, that it cannot be exactly a home, but only a place to eat and lodge in, a sort of rendezvous, after the real home, the daily habitation, is abandoned. This is tacitly acknowledged, by the cognomen of the room, which is the only one common to all the boarders. This is the dining-room—or, more properly, the eating-room, for breakfast and supper, as well as dinner, are demolished in its precincts. This is always amply furnished with chairs and tables, though but little of anything else, for, amidst all our deprivations, we have never been deprived of the privilege of sitting at our meals. Chairs, chairs—one, two, three, four, and so on to forty. It is really refreshing, sometimes, to go where there is only now and then a chair. This pleasure we can usually enjoy, by leaving the dining-room for our chambers, where there is not often a surplus of this article of furniture; but then there are always plenty of trunks, boxes, &c., which will answer for seats, and the bed is easily persuaded to stand proxy for a sofa.

But these are all trifles, compared with the perplexities to which we are subjected in other ways; and some of these might be remedied by the girls themselves. We now allude to the importunities of evening visitors, such as pedlers, candy and newspaper boys, shoe-dealers, book-sellers, &c., &c., breaking in upon the only hours of leisure we can call our own, and proffering their articles with a pertinacity which will admit of no denial. That these evening salesmen are always unwelcome, we will not assert, but they are too often inclined to remain where they know they are considered a nuisance. And then they often forget, if they ever knew, the rules of politeness

which should regulate all transient visitors. They deal about their hints, inuendoes, and low cunning, as though a factory boarding-house was what no boarding-house should ever be.

The remedy is entirely with the girls. Treat all of these comers with a politeness truly lady-like, when they appear as gentlemen, but let your manners change to stern formality when they forget that they are in the company of respectable females.

Never encourage evening traders, unless you see some very good reason for so doing. The reason usually given is, that they can trade cheaper with these men, than with the storekeepers of Lowell. There is competition enough among the shopkeepers to keep things at a reasonable price, and *good* articles are seldom purchased cheaper of a pedler. "But," say others, "it is much more convenient for us, if we can be suited at home, to have our things brought us, than to go out for them." Even where this is true, it should be remembered that each buyer is interrupting the occupations of one, two, or three dozen girls.

But it is not wholly by traders that we are imposed upon. Sometimes an impudent charlatan, calling himself a practical phrenologist, intrudes upon us with the assurance that he can tell us what we are, even better than we know ourselves. And as far as they have any actual knowledge, or a tolerable Yankee faculty of guessing, they abuse it, to pander to the vanity of those who are ready to believe they are possessed of every virtue and talent under the sun, because the *phrenologist* tells them so.

But phrenologists are not alone in their attempts to impose upon the credulous females of Lowell. As an instance we will here insert an account of a *professor's* visit to a boarding-house home, premising that it was written "long time ago," and that the individual, to whom it refers, has not recently been in Lowell. The picture may slightly border upon a caricature, but when the article was read at the Improvement Circle, the parties concerned were readily identified. We do not think it wrong to employ either reason, or ridicule, to banish intruders like him.

One or two evenings since, after leaving the tea-table, I repaired to my chamber, to prepare to go out. As I was engaged in some of the preliminary exercises of the toilet, I thought that, amidst the confused chorus of female voices, which reached me from the lower rooms, I could discern the more guttural tones of a specimen of the other gender; and as it continued to increase in force, and emphasis, my curiosity was aroused to know from whom proceeded this admirable flow of harmony and eloquence.

"Pray, who is down stairs, talking so earnestly?" said I, as my fellow-boarder opened my door.

"It's old —," replied she, naming a notorious professor; "he's trying to get some of the girls to attend his lectures. Run down now, if you want to see him, for I suppose he'll go away soon."

I had heard considerable about the gentleman, and felt quite a portion of Mother Eve's frailty prompting me to "go and see for myself;" and so, as did the Queen of Sheba, when she wished to satisfy her own eyes respecting the wise monarch of old, I resolved to enter the august presence. There was no time to be lost, for, judging from the quick intonations which had assailed my ears, I expected that "business was to be done in short metre;" so, hastily twisting together the locks which were dangling around my face and eyes, and sticking them all together, with a comb, at the top of my cranium, I descended, bare-armed and shoeless, to the place of exhibition. I dropped, unobserved, into a chair near the door, from which I had an excellent view of the scene and actors. The professor, a tall, stalwart man with a frock-coat, and—but I will not stop to describe him, for I presume many of you have seen him, and the rest may be assured that he is a sort of a unique, a non-descript, who would require the pencil of a Hogarth, or the goose-quill of a Boz, to do him justice; and a sight of whom is certainly worthy of some effort; but I will endeavor to give you some slight idea of the deportment of this highly refined, and exceedingly intellectual, *gentleman*, in a factory boarding-house. He was vehemently holding forth to three girls, one of them the inmate of a neighboring tenement, when I entered.

"Now, ladies," said he, showing his teeth, and rubbing his hands together, and then wringing them, and twisting them all manner of ways; "now, ladies, only think—two shillings—only two shillings for a ticket, which will admit you to a whole course of my lectures—did you ever see any thing so cheap in your life—now you will go, wont you now?"

"I have been once to your lectures," replied M., "and I don't care about going again."

"When did you go?" asked the gentlemen.

"When you lectured in the Methodist meeting-house," was her reply.



"Oh, that was just after I had been burned out; I had lost almost all my things then—had n't half so many as I've got now. Now I know you'd like to go, and see my new pictures. Now should n't you?" and he shew his teeth again, in what he intended should be a most winning manner, and wrung his hands with renewed energy.

"I do not care about going," returned M.

"Well, these ladies will go, now I know they will," said he, turning to the other two, and the ivory was most bountifully displayed; "only think, ladies, only two shillings, for a whole course—there could n't be any thing cheaper now, could there? Why, the old witch there, Madame Adolph, asks you half a dollar for telling your fortunes; doing nothing only *jest* telling your fortunes; and when you go to the Circus, you have to give twenty-five cents. Now you see I do n't charge but two shillings for a whole course of six lectures, only think now, not fourpence an evening, and you'll get some ideas now that you'll never get rid of as long as you live.

Oh dear! how dry I am, talking so much—wont you hand me some sweetened water, ma'am?—have it pretty sweet, ma'am. I took three dollars over to Mrs. H.'s, and did n't have to talk half so long as I have here; only think now, only *jest* two shillings, for six lectures, and you'll get some ideas that will last you always—two shillings, that's always my price."

"How many are there in your class?" asked B.

"Four or five hundred, ma'am—why they come from all the houses along here, the landladies and all, ma'am. I have six or eight from some of the houses, and did n't have to talk half so long as I have here. Yes, ma'am, I've got four or five hundred, ma'am."

"Then you've got enough without me," replied she, flouncing out of the room.

"Oh stop, ma'am," cried he, following her, so swiftly that he forgot to shew his teeth, and rub his hands, "stop, ma'am—there'll be plenty of room; you wont be at all crowded, ma'am;" but she was already out of sight, and hearing.

"Well, ladies," said he, as he returned to the room, not in the least disconcerted, and showing his teeth, and rubbing his hands, as amiably as ever, "now you will go, wont you?—you two may go for fifty cents. I put it down so low because *you*, ma'am," said he, turning to M., "have patronized me before. Oh dear, how tired I am, talking, and dry too," he added, drinking a tumbler full of molasses and water, which looked as though, in compliance with his request to have it "pretty sweet," it was about "half and half."

"Now, ma'am," he recommenced, after drawing a long breath, "you see how cheap I put you—that's because you patronized me before, and I do really want you to see my new scenery, you can't think how splendid it is—I know you'll never repent it as long as you live, and you see how cheap I put you—that's because you went before, ma'am. You and this lady may go for fifty cents; only twenty-five cents apiece—did you ever see anything cheaper, ma'am?"

"I do not care about going," replied M.

"Well now, ma'am, you'd better go. I know you will like—you can't help it—every body likes my lectures that go to hear 'em," and he grinned again, and rubbed his hands, and poured out some more molasses and water.

"Oh dear, my lungs are sore, talking so long. I'll tell you what I'll do, ma'am; if you'll get three of your friends to come with you—any three you choose—I'll let you have a ticket that will admit four persons for a dollar; that'll let you in for nothing, ma'am. I'll call you nobody, ma'am—that's because you patronized me before, ma'am—and I do want you to see my new pictures; did you ever have a better offer than that, ma'am? Only think, you'll get all yours for nothing—did you ever see any thing cheaper in your life—now you will go—won't you now?" and he grinned again, and sipped some more molasses and water.

"Why now, madam," said he, turning from M. to the 'stranger girl,' "if you'll only come, you'll see things that you never saw in all your life before; the sun, and moon, and planets, and eclipses and the little insects magnified as big as a *hoss*, ma'am, and you'll see the great comet, with a great tail to it—and the eclipses come on, and go off, *jest* as if you was away up in the sky—and you'll see the moon, with her sharp horns, and how she looks when she is magnified—and you'll see the sun to be inhabited *jest like this earth*—folks there fifty miles high—and the dark spots—they are the *shadders*, and you'll see the mountains—and a little grain of sand magnified as big as a goose egg—now you will go—this lady'll tell you that I speak the truth—she's patronized me before, and I'm well known here, ma'am; you will go, wont you now?" and he grinned again, and twisted his hands together, and then drank some more molasses and water.

"I will go if M. will go with me," she replied.

"Oh, she will go, wont you now?" said he, turning to M., "only fifty cents for you two, and if you 'll get two more, you may all go for a dollar—I 'll call you nobody, ma'am, that 's because you patronized me before, when I lectured at the Methodist meeting-house—did you ever see anything cheaper—and here 's my books—only a ninepence a piece, if you 'll all go to the lectures—full of pictures—only look here—and here 's the very things that you will see—all in a book, that you can carry home to show to your friends, and then keep it forever—see here 's a drop of water magnified—got twelve thousand living creatures in it, and all of 'em different—twelve thousand, ma'am, and I don't know how many more—and here's a fly with five hundred eyes, all over his body—and here 's the animals in vinegar, ma'am, as big as a goat, with horns to 'em, and you 'll see 'em sticking their horns into one another—and here 's the little things that bite and torment you so," said he, turning to a flea, I presume, and he rubbed his hands, and showed his teeth, and drank some more molasses and water. "My lungs are really sore talking so much. I did not talk quarter so long at Mrs. H.'s, and I took three dollars there—now you will go, won't you? what 's two shillings? jest nothing at all. I know you make good wages, ma'am, and fifty cents if you will both go, and only a dollar if you will get three more—that 's because you patronized me before—and I do really want you to see my pictures, ma'am—now you may get any one to go with you that you 're a'mind to—a beau, if you have one—have you got one? if you have just bring him with you, and you can set there together—and you 'll see the eclipses—the eclipse of the moon—and the great shadder will come on to it, that 's the shadder of the sun; now you will go, wont you? You got any beau to bring with you, hey?" and he displayed the ivory more lavishly than ever, and rubbed his hands with tenfold ardor, and then he drank again at the molasses and water. Just then he happened to espy me, and, with a fell swoop, he pounced upon what he thought would be a new disciple.

"Now *you* will go, wont you, ma'am?" and he grinned till his mouth extended from one ear to the other, "only think it will be only two shillings for six lectures, most entertaining things you ever heard of, you could n't spend your time more agreeably. Now there 's Mr. Wilbur come here to lecture, but he 's got to go away again, because my lectures have put his completely down. I have n't a word to say against him; he 's a clever man enough, but he ha' n't got any tact—now you will go and hear mine, won't you, ma'am?"

"I cannot," was the decided reply.

"Why, what is the reason?" said he.

"I have got four looms to attend to," said I, after endeavoring to think of some other reason.

"Well, ma'am, these lectures will be in the evening you know," and he grinned most graciously upon me, and then he rubbed his hands again, and sipped some more molasses and water.

"I have many engagements for the evening," I replied, "beside being usually very much fatigued."

"What do you do, ma'am? do you write? Do you write for the Lowell Offering?"

"Sometimes," was the cool reply.

"Well, how much do they give you? how much do you make? as much as two hundred dollars a year—and you 've got now a thousand dollars in the bank as likely as not—and you 've got a mind, ma'am. Now it 's of no use for those folks that have n't any minds, to try to learn any thing—but you 've got a mind, ma'am, (in a whining sing-song tone,) God has given us faculties, which we ought to improve—immortal souls which will never die, and we should cultivate our minds by becoming acquainted with the wonderful works of nature, spread every where around us,"—but just then he caught a glimpse of another transient visitor, who had entered the door, and, darting at her, he again went through with his evolutions.

But I will weary you no longer—it may suffice to say that M. and one more of our boarders consented to go, to get rid of him. But he entreated of her to use her influence with her other fellow-boarders, whom he deeply regretted that he could not see, and then after promising—no *threatening*—to make us another *visitation* at some meal time, when we should be in, he drained the pitcher of the molasses and water, put on his farewell grin, pocketed his cash, and rubbed his hands together till he was out of the house.

"Comments are unnecessary."